

YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

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YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

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CHARLES WOODRUFF.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

VOLUME FOUR.

Is coming before the public with the fourth Vol-
ume of the "Sentinel." We find a favorable opportunity
of sketching a slight programme of our intentions,
which we shall endeavor to fill during the year. We
have been flattered more during the year just past
with the satisfaction expressed by our patrons than
by any considerable increase of our subscription list.
So great are the obstacles which a country press has
to contend with that it must necessarily win its way
slowly into public favor. In this respect we need
to have made some advance. With the greater
experience we now have of the peculiar tastes of our
reading community, we hope to advance still further.

The "Sentinel" will continue to advocate the
measures of the Whig party so far as those measures
are now developed; nor do we apprehend the
adoption of any doctrine by that party which our
private judgment shall force us to oppose; yet in
the events of the future we hold sacred the right of
private opinions. Its political features shall, how-
ever, be kept at all times, free from personality and
unfair argument.

Should our patronage soon warrant it we shall
make a considerable addition to the amount of our
political reading, but we cannot promise this except
on the condition of a largely increased subscrip-
tion.

In MISCELLANEOUS READINGS we trust we shall
be able to please the young, the middle aged, and the
old. For this purpose increasing the amount and
selecting it for a wider range of the current litera-
ture of the day than heretofore.

We shall be constantly on the look out for the
richest jokes of Punch, Judy, Yankee Doodle, and
kindred humorists, while the whole troop of "Liti-
rary" periodicals will be made to yield their choicest
gems. We should be glad if we were able to prom-
ise something original in this line, and we trust that
we may be able to find in the course of the year;—
if so it will not be held back because we are not ob-
ligated by a promise to produce it.

Our GENERAL INTELLIGENCE will be copious, cor-
rect, and early. The various and multifarious de-
signs of a weekly journal we shall endeavor in short
to fulfill to the best of our ability; of which the pub-
lic have now had some two years experience.

We trust that we shall now see an increased in-
terest taken in the Sentinel by those whose inter-
ests are advanced, and the importance of whose
face of residence is enhanced by its continuance.
With the existing here we say, if we have done
well, "Give us your applause."

THE PUBLISHER.

Ypsilanti Jan. 23 1847.

Slavery in Virginia.

A Petersburg Correspondent, under date of
the 31st ult., writes to the *Chronotype* as fol-
lows:

"This is the season of negro-hiring for the
coming year, and for the last four days this busi-
ness has been actively conducted in the street
under the window of the house I put up at. Hun-
dreds of negroes, of both sexes, and all ages,
mixed up with their masters and
buyers, and persons wishing to hire, have
been constantly blocking up the whole street,
during that time, questioning examining, and
bargaining like so many jockeys at a horse mar-
ket. The terms of hiring at this slave mar-
ket, the hirer gives a bond and security to pay
the stipulated amount to the master, or agent,
or broker, at the end of the year;—that is,
the next 1st of January. The hirers feed and
clothe the negroes, and nothing but death can
cancel or commute the bond; the doctor's bill
only is allowed to be offset. I remarked to a
gentleman at the table that, if this was allowed,
I thought the master would get little for his
slave at the end of the year. 'Yes,' he said, 'he
sometimes gets little enough, but if the doctor's
bill was not paid by the master, he would be
very likely to have no nigger at the end of the
year but a dead one.' 'The hirers,' he contin-
ued, 'would let them die before they would call
the doctor at their expense.'

I gave you his words as near as may be,—
and may reflect on the people, but I can't help
that—they must take care of the fact. To day
I heard of a circumstance which reflects much
harder. It was said at the dinner-table that a
negro-buyer here, named Henry Davis, had a
drove of negroes with which he was going to
the South, and as he did not want the women,
he had sold several of the infants for five dollars
a-piece! The landlady said she knew of three
he had sold so. She believed there were more.
The children thus ruthlessly torn from their
mothers' breasts are very, very young, from 3
weeks to a month or two old. I asked if such
brutality passed without notice? 'People' was
the reply, might express their private opinion
about it, but there was no public notice taken.
Thereupon I expressed my private opinion pub-
licly—that is, at the table—saying that so in-
famous that the man guilty of it deserved hanging
and quartering. What do you think?

Extraordinary Case.—We lately that one of
the workmen on the Central road, between
here and Montpelier, was killed last week, by
the following distressing manner: A rock that
they were blasting not going off readily, one of
the hands went to it supposing that the match
had gone out; but while the rock the charge
went off producing a steam sufficiently large to
take in his legs and a part of his body; the
soam then partly closed upon confining him closely.
After using every exertion in their power
to extricate him, with no hope of success, a con-
sultation of physicians was called, and at his
earnest solicitation, a medical vessel was opened
by which an end was put to his sufferings.—
Burlington (Vt.) Liberty Gazette.

An immense iceberg recently found its
way to the harbor of Zuyder, Me. and dashed
in pieces some vessel lying at the wharves.—
It was supposed to have been blown from the
Arctic sea by the strong westerly gales.—
We are sure to be blown when we apparel
with ourselves; it is, civil war, and in all such
contentions, triumph is certain.

From the Volunteer.

My Thoughts.

My thoughts are like the summer birds,
That fly from tree to tree;
Like the bounding flight of the timid deer,
My thoughts are wild and free.

Like Eagle's flight through the trackless air,
My thoughts soar out in space,
Where the silvery spheres in silence run,
Their steady ceaseless race.

As the bird, when Winter's storms are o'er
Goes back, on buoyant wing
To the leafy nest in the shady grove,
Where it had its birth in spring.

My thoughts fly back o'er the waste of years
To my childhood's home of glee;
O'er the fields and groves where I wandered then,
My thoughts roam wild and free.

The meadow's green where my sisters culled
Wild flowers to deck their hair;
The mossy bank and the willow shade,
And the streamlet running near.

The clear cool spring in the shady dell;
The Elm, the sycamore tree,
The ancient Oak with its spreading limbs,
Embower'd in the verdant vine.

O! scenes to memory ever dear,
As scenes of earth can be,
Through which my thoughts, with pleasure still,
Roam joyous, wild, and free!

W. C. H.

A BALLAD.

Love has its cares, its soft alarms,
Its pleasures and its pains;
But tell me not of other charms,
While yet the spell remains.

Oh! has the bosom warmed,
Delusive of thy power;
Lest had a charm that ever formed
The magic of the hour.

No dream that ever fancy wove
To people forms of air;
'Twas woman's smile, and woman's love
Shone brightest features there.

Joys which else the world had fled,
Shall never more depart,
White woman's love remains to shed
Its lustre o'er the heart.

Love has its cares, its soft alarms,
Its pleasures and its pains;
But tell me not of other charms,
While yet the spell remains.

The Morning Visitor.

A TALE OF MODERN GERMANY.

BETWEEN TEN and eleven o'clock on the morn-
ing of the 28th of February, 1812, a gentleman
presented himself at the door of Mr. Schmidt,
the affluent merchant of Leipzig. Being ad-
mitted to an interview, he informed Mr. Schmidt
that he was from Hamburg, where, not find-
ing affairs favorable to his objects, he had come
to see what could be done in Saxony; and, de-
scribing himself as especially recommended to
Mr. Schmidt's good offices, he requested that
gentleman's advice with respect to the most
advantageous mode of laying out his money.
In the course of this conversation, which lasted
upwards of half an hour, Mr. Schmidt opened
his desk, and took from it a bill to the amount
of one hundred dollars, which the visitor
begged leave to inspect. Having done so,
he returned it to the owner, who whilst return-
ing it to the place whence he had taken it, sud-
denly sank to the ground, deprived of conscious-
ness. On recovering his senses, he cried to the
stranger to assist him; but the stranger was gone.

When Mr. Schmidt arose from the floor,
which he did with much difficulty—for his head
was bleeding profusely—he saw the chairs stand-
ing about in confusion, and his desk open, and
a man's examination showed him that bills to
the amount of three thousand dollars were missing.

By this time his cries had summoned to his
aid Vetter, the landlady of the house, and his
wife, who, having bound up his bleeding head
as well as they could, the unfortunate man, to
whom indignation and despair lent strength,
rushed into the street, and making his way
to the sheriff's office, and lodged information
against the stranger, giving the best descrip-
tion of him he could. Notices were immedi-
ately sent to all the banking houses in the city
together with the numbers of the missing bills,
but quickly as this was done, it was too late.
The house of Frege and Company had already
cashied them.

On learning this Mr. Schmidt returned home
took to his bed, and, after an illness of some du-
ration, died from the consequences of the wounds
in his head, which the surgeons declared
had been inflicted with considerable violence
and by a blunt instrument.

Before he expired, he reiterated upon oath
the above particulars, adding that he did not
know how or why he had fallen, nor whether
the stranger had struck him or not. An idea
seems to have prevailed at the time that he
had sunk to the ground immediately after taking
a pinch of snuff from the stranger's box; but
this fact was not positively established. Of the
appearance of this ill-fated visitor, he could
give very little description, except that he be-
lieved him to be about forty years of age.

The account given by the bankers was that
between the hours of ten and eleven on the day
in question, a stranger had presented himself;
requesting cash for the bills, which he duly re-
ceived, partly in gold, and partly in silver. As
far as they had observed, he exhibited no ap-
pearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On
the contrary, he had not only counted the money
and inspected the various coins with great
deliberation, but he had returned some of them
requesting others in this place. With respect
to his appearance, both they and Vetter, who
had seen him in Mr. Schmidt's office, agreed
that he was well dressed, and had much the air
of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to
the discovery of the assassin. The murdered
man was laid in his grave; and, after causing
much terror and excitement amongst the in-
habitants of Leipzig for a time, the story sank
into oblivion, and was forgotten, or at least ceased
to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of Febru-
ary had come round again, when one morning,
a rumor spread through the city that a fearful
murder had been committed on the person of
an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt.—
It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent
out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in
the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a
house hard by. The girl declared she had not
been absent five minutes, and that on her return
she was asked her if she was going out, and
whether she should be long. She told him she
was now returning; whereupon he went quickly
forth at the street door. The girl then ascend-
ing to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice

crying, "Hanne! Hanne!" and on entering the
apartment, she discovered her lying in one cor-
ner of ante-room, with her head bleeding. She
told the maid that a stranger, who had brought
her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had
struck her down. On being asked if she knew
him, she said she had never seen him before to
her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood
proved on examination, to be addressed to Mad-
ame Kunhardt, and purported that she should
give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was
dated Hohendorf, 24th January 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with
blood, and from one spot the coloring of the
wainscot seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr. Kunz, who resided in the same house
said that just before he heard the maid crying
for help, he had seen a middle sized man, in a
dark frock coat and a black cap, going out at
the street door. His coat was marked as if it had
been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger;
the more so as the maid said that the same gen-
tleman had called two days before and inquired
for her mistress, but had gone away on learning
she was engaged with company. The
coachman's wife also, who lived in the lower
part of the house, had seen the stranger on that
occasion, and at his request had directed him to
the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She hav-
ing business that day herself, had followed him
up stairs. Just however as they reached the
door, Hanne opened it to let in the baker, where-
on the stranger turned down stairs again, say-
ing it was a mistake, and went straight out of
the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the
alarm became very general: people grew ex-
tremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and
several persons came forward laying claim to
the honor of having already been favored with
the attentions of this mysterious stranger; among
the rest, the wife of Dr. Kunz, and a
Damoiselle Junius, a lady of considerable for-
tune. But on both of these occasions circum-
stances had been adverse to the success of his
object.

Presently a rumor began to circulate that
the maid had been heard saying that she knew
who the assassin was, and that he was a clergy-
man whom she had often seen whilst living in
her place, with a certain Dr. H.—, whereupon
on being called upon to name him, she fixed up-
on a gentleman, who was immediately arrested;
but on being confronted with him, neither she
nor any of the witnesses recognized him as the
person whose morning visits had become so no-
torious. This mistake however, directed atten-
tion to another clergyman, who was in the habit
of frequenting her late master's house; and
Dr. H.—, remembered that a friend of his
called Titius, had slept at his house on the night
preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt;
had gone out about eight o'clock in the morn-
ing; and had returned at nine, after having
read the newspapers, and bought a book of a
person named Rau, which he brought in with
him.

Dr. Titius was a man on whom no shadow
of suspicion had ever rested. He was a min-
ister of Posenan, an eloquent and far famed
preacher; an author, amongst other things of
his own biography; a man of deep learning,
and one of the greatest book collectors in Ger-
many. His library contained not less than six-
ty thousand volumes.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed,
suspicion attached itself to Dr. Titius; but in
so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so
eminent a man was concerned great caution
was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured
to accuse him, they carried the maid Hanne to
Posenan. Titius, who happened to be just
sipping out of his house turned pale at the sight
of her. She declared he was the man, and he
was forthwith arrested, and carried to prison.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the citi-
zens of Leipzig at this discovery, nor their
horror when further investigation brought to
light many other attempted assassinations be-
sides the successful one of Mr. Schmidt.—
When we say brought to light, we mean pro-
duced a universal persuasion that the till, now
respected Dr. Titius was the criminal; for to
this day, although so many years have elapsed
since these events occurred, they are shrouded
in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr. Titius
still lives, residing at a place called Zeitz, un-
der surveillance. Nor does there appear much
reason to hope that the secret will be cleared
up by a despatched confession, old age having
hitherto brought with it no appearance of re-
morse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded
from his clerical office, a ceremony which ap-
pears to have been conducted with great solemn-
ity, and given over to the civil power; after
which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investi-
gation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in
Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate
the law, and thus prolong their own lives,
forms a very remarkable feature in the crim-
inal records of the country, and appears to in-
dicate something extremely defective in the judi-
cial process; in short, the difficulty of obtaining
a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we
find numerous instances of trials extending
to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt
could exist as to the guilt of the parties ar-
raigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr. Titius, has any
reasonable motive for these extraordinary as-
sassinations been discovered: the one most com-
monly suggested is that which romance has
attributed to Eugene Aram; namely, an inordi-
nate desire to purchase books. Others believe
him to have been actuated by a diabolical hat-
red to mankind, more especially to the pros-
perous portion of it.

He had two wives neither of whom lived hap-
pily with him, and there were not wanting per-
sons who declared that he had always inspired
them with an unreplicable repugnance; but this
feeling had never been heard of till after the
crime.

Dr. Titius endeavored to prove an alibi,
but with very indifferent success; and it goes
far to establish his guilt, that several letters
were found in his house of a like nature to the
one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and
addressed to various opulent people in the city
evidently intended for the same atrocious pur-
pose. A hammer with the handle shortened, so
as to be conveniently carried in the pocket, was
also discovered; and it was thought that the
wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head, had been
inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features
in this affair, are numerous letters he wrote to
his friends—respectable men, generally clergy-
men—whilst he was in prison, and the investi-
gation was pending. Letters, coolly request-
ing them to hide this, destroy that, and swear
the other, whilst they furnish the strong-

est proof of his guilt, betray at the same time
either the entire absence of all moral percep-
tions on his own part; or else a conviction that
these honorable men were in that condition
themselves. These letters refer to certain mat-
ters connected with the murder of Mr. Schmidt
as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

It appeared that the first intention he had
that he was suspected, was from a letter sent
to Posenan by some friend, dated February 17.
It informed him of the maid-servants deposition
and at the bottom of the page word these
words, *Delator et igni tradatur*; a piece of
advice which, strangely enough, he neglected
to follow.

The murder of Mr. Schmidt was supposed to
be the first successful crime of this bold as-
sassin; though doubtless not the first attempt-
ed. And a bold enterprise it certainly was, in
broad daylight, in a frequented street of a popu-
lar city, to introduce himself into the office of
an affluent and well-known merchant, and rob
him of his life and his money with so much ac-
curacy, that the people in the house heard no
disturbance; and with so much self-possession,
that he was able immediately afterwards to pre-
sently demand cash for the stolen bills, but count
the money, and put his coin with a degree of
deliberation and composure of manner that would
have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had
any existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been
quite so much at his ease after the murder of
Madame Kunhardt. Circumstances there had
been less favorable; and if booty were his ob-
ject, he had been disappointed. The maid Hanne,
to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he
looked very pale; as did also the cook at Dr.
H.—. She said that when he returned home
that morning his face was ashy white, and
his step unsteady; and that when he en-
tered the parlor he stood for some minutes with
his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the
Bible. She has remarked the same symptoms
of agitation at the table whilst he laughed and
joked, and exerted himself to appear cheerful
and disengaged; and although during his sev-
eral examinations, the system of obstinate denial
he had adopted was never shaken, yet there
were moments wherein he betrayed impressible
conviction which he endeavored to make by a
violent effort of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself
chiefly in writing and corresponding with his
acquaintance. When he was released under
surveillance, his former congregation, disliking
to receive him amongst them, subscribed a
sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile
elsewhere.

He is described as middle-sized man, of pale
complexion, and black hair, which he wore com-
bed straight down on each side of his head. He
was generally wrapped in a blue cloak; and thus
he went about paying these fearful morning
visits, with his mysterious snuff-box and deadly
hammer in his pocket, biding his opportu-
nity.

The following remarkable passage was found
in his autobiography written previous to the oc-
currence of the events above narrated. "The
fact that it is not customary to publish the his-
tories and motives of living persons, is sufficient
to exonerate me for having omitted to treat
openly on these subjects. The picture which I
now paint is for posterity. The colors will re-
main unfaded and the drawing correct. Many
men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and
their words and deeds have pronounced judg-
ment upon them and be it longer or shorter, we
shall one day stand before the great Judge,
where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed,
and all that is hid in darkness be brought
to light. Meantime I wait my justification in
patience being so accustomed to calumny,
that it has ceased to affect me—especially since
I observe that it is not my honor, but their
own, that my enemies injure. To suffer for
righteousness sake is pleasing in the eyes of
God and man. I will hold fast the truth that is
in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto the
death, and rest my hopes on the promise of
the dying saint—'So, my son, shall the Lord
fight for thee.'"

How to carry on the War.

A letter from Washington is published in the
New York Evening Post of Tuesday evening
last, in which a new plan of operations ag-
ainst Mexico is proposed, said to have been
suggested by the gallant Commodore Perry,
on his recent visit to the seat of Government.
This plan is stated in general terms, as follows:
"Abandon all expensive, sanguinary, and doubt-
ful projects of further invasion. So far as re-
gards the interior of Mexico, let us content our-
selves with the occupation of the provinces al-
ready conquered, or so much of them as we may
intend to keep as 'indemnification' for the war.
On the other hand let us take immediate pos-
session of all her ports, both on the Gulf and on
the Pacific, and occupy them as conquered ter-
ritory till she shall come to just and honorable
terms of peace. Open them all to a free com-
merce, first placing in them collections of our
own, and establishing a suitable tariff of specific
duties, by means of which we shall levy, from
the Mexican nation itself, a revenue fully ade-
quate to cover all the expenses, naval and mil-
itary, of such occupation."

The writer goes on to state various recom-
mendations of this "new plan," concluding with
the following paragraphs, which if they had ap-
peared in the National Intelligencer, instead of
the most respectable of the organs of the Democ-
racy in its own latitude, would doubtless have
been denounced by the co-laborers of the 'Post'
as nothing less than treason:
"We should cease to be regarded in the hate-
ful character of invaders, and invasion is always
at least seemingly aggression. On the conclu-
sion of peace, we shall find them far more ready
to become good neighbors and profitable com-
traders, than if we persist in harassing them
with war, fighting their armies, storming their
towns, threatening, perhaps taking their capitol,
cutting off their commerce, and breaking up the
agricultural industry dependent upon it."

"How much more congenial would be such a
system with our character, professions, and the
spirit of the age, than an invading war on the
old fashioned military principles, it cannot be
necessary to point out. A novel species of
bloodless commercial war—it would be a pecu-
liarly American idea, and would be as efficient
for the purposes of coercion upon our weak, fool-
ish and conceited neighbor, as it would be ad-
vantageous in every point of view of our own
interest, and consistent with the dictates of hu-
manity. If, on the other hand, we persist in
carrying on the war as it is now proceeding,
what end can be seen to its duration, to its cost,
to its bloodshed, and to the deep bitterness of
national hatred which will long continue to ran-
kle in the bosoms of the whole Mexican popu-
lation against us! Suppose we take the capital,

shall we be any nearer to a peace? A score of
other cities are ready to receive to fugitive Gov-
ernment.

"We began the war [mark this admission: we
began the war] against the Mexican rulers, in
marked contradiction to the people; it has
already become, and it is fast becoming
more and more a war with the people—a war
with that invincible power, the principle of
nationality. The women are now, by hun-
dreds, adding to build fortifications, and boys
of fourteen are volunteering. We may beat
them in a hundred battles, and extremity will
only serve to create renewed resources; while
on such a plan, penetrating further into the in-
terior, with necessarily increasing forces, the
time cannot be distant when Mr. Webster's
saying of the half-million a day will acquire a
truth too undeniable and too fatal. With such
a war, *in glorious enough even in its most splen-
did successes*, contrast such a plan as that above
stated, and the plain common sense of every
reader cannot, as it seems to me, hesitate in
the choice between the two."

Twenty-ninth Congress

SECOND SESSION.

January 19, 1847.

SENATE—Not in session; as usual.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The SPEAKER took his seat; but none of the
members took theirs, lest somebody should have
the floor first; an unheard of occurrence in the
late sessions of the House.

Mr. CUTWORTH, of Maine, offered a bill
concerning the timber used in the Navy. He tho't
he had the means in his head to furnish to Na-
vy Department with an unlimited quantity of
the toughest sort of wood. He had always
dealt largely in lumber, as the members of this
House had reason to know by the statistics of
his speeches. He had great assurance.

Mr. BLUSTER, of Virginia, had no doubt of
the quantity or quality of the assurance of the
gentleman from Maine; but he hoped that he
would yield to him for a few minutes. He want-
ed to talk about the war.

Col. BOVIE, of Tennessee, said it was quite
evident that the gentleman wanted to talk about
the war, and he did not want to do any thing else.

Mr. BLUSTER said that such was the policy
of Virginia; and that the chivalry of Virginia
had shown a herse.

Mr. CAVIL, of Connecticut, had not seen it.
He was in favor of the war; he thought it
unrighteous, and he did not mean to vote for any
supplies, nor for the increase of the army, but
he hoped that the Mexicans would be extermin-
ated; and he thought Virginia had no right.

Mr. BLUSTER said that Virginia always had
a right, and always meant to have whether she
had or not. He did not come here to be enlight-
ened by any northern gentlemen.

Mr. ANATIK, of Mass. thought the gentleman
was quite right. No Virginian could be en-
lightened while a slave was in existence. The
question at the bottom of the war, at the bottom
of every thing was, if slaves could be said to
exist.

The SPEAKER thought the gentleman from
Massachusetts out of order. The question
was—

Mr. SLAMBER, of Illinois.—I'll tell you what
the question is Mr. Speaker and gentlemen.—
I was raised in Vermont till I was about nine
years old and a half, and then emigrated to Illi-
nois State.

Mr. QUIN, of Indiana, thought there was no
question about this. The question was whether
the question was—

Major COON, of Missouri.—No it isn't. The
question is—
Mr. SAUL, of New York.—The gentlemen
are all wrong, there never was any question.—
He then proposed that the House go into a com-
mittee of the whole on the bill providing for
the reimbursement of the heirs of Thomas Jen-
kins who furnished a wheelbarrow to the Uni-
ted States during the last war. It was a ques-
tion of paramount importance.

Mr. COONSKIN, of Kentucky, didn't know any
about paralytics but he should like to say
something about catamounts.

Mr. FESSY would first like to know whether
General Worth and General Taylor were on
speaking terms, because if they were not and
should join their forces, it might be productive
of bad effects.

Mr. LITHRAL, of Maryland, thought it would
be productive of no effects.

Mr. FESSY would also like to know whether
Santa Anna had lost his right or left leg.

Mr. PUNNYMAN, of Georgia, said of course
his lost leg was his left leg.

Mr. SIMPLE, of Delaware said that as this in-
volved these delicate points, he proposed that the
House go into secret session.

The question on going into secret session
was taken, and after five ballotings, was decid-
ed in the affirmative: yeas 106, nays 105. So
the House went into secret session.

On the doors being re-opened it was announc-
ed that the house had decided by 105 to 104,
two members having been excused from voting
on account of delicate scruples,—that General
Taylor and Worth were on speaking terms, and
that Santa Anna had lost his leg. The House
then adjourned after having transacted an un-
usual amount of business.—*Yankee Doodle.*

Bob Weddams Horse Trade.

"You know Bob Weddams, I reckon," said
Uncle Mike.

"Not that I recollect," I replied.

"Well, Bob was an amazin' hand at tradin'
horses, and generally come out ahead too. I
never knew him really griddled and the under-
brush cut out once."

"How was that Uncle Mike?"

"Why, you see Bob had been gittin' a gray
hoss in some of his deals, that was just about
as nice a hoss to look at as ever put his nose
through the rack sticks. He was a human look-
in' hoss and noddin' shorter. He was always
lookin' after stars, and carried his tail like the
National flag on the 4th of July. But he woldn't
work—he was above it. He'd almost stop
when he see his shadow follow'n' for fear he
might be dray'n it. Now then, says Bob, some
individual is bound to be picked up. So mak-
ing an excuse that gray's shoes wanted fixin'
he sent him to the blacksmith's, and harnessed
his other hosses, hitched on his wagon load of
stone, and drove down to Sam Hewitt's tavern.
Here he stopped before the door, took out the
near horse, and harnessed him up in his place.
Bob went in and took a drink and waited aroun'
until some feller should come along who wanted
to speculate.

"He hadn't waited long when he see some
feller comin' up the road